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We learn that the publishers of the American Magazine are realizing a large share of patronage, and it affords us pleasure to remark their success.—[The General Advertiser, Providence.

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ARCHITECTS' AND MECHANICS' JOURNAL.—The following are extracts from notices which have appeared in the public jonrnals of this country and England, respecting the Architects and Mechanics Journal:

It is edited with evident ability. . . . . Altogether, the best work of the kind ever published in our city.—[Scientific American.

A valuable journal, and deserves to become permanent institution.—[New-York Evening Post.

It is very creditably got up, and contains some admirably executed wood-cuts.—[London (Eng.) Artizan.

It is just such a work as every practical architect and mechanic should have.—[St. Louis Democrat.

Of great value to the class to whom it is addressed, and is conducted with great ability.—[New-York Sunday Times.

Will be a help to all house-planners and builders.—[New-York Century.

Carries with it an air of greater honesty of purpose and mildness of expression than many of its predecessors.—[Glasgow Practical Mechanics Journal.

Contains much that is of value and interest to engineers, master-builders, mechanics, and manufacturers.—[Boston Courier.

The first number, now before us, contains several papers of interest and value, and affords a favorable promise of the future character of the work.—N. Y Tribune.

Contains several nicely-engraved illustrations of mechanism and architecture. The typographical appearance of the work is very fine indeed.—[Buffalo Express.

We welcome warmly the appearance of a periodical devoted to architecture and construction in America, and which, if we may judge trom the first number, will be conducted in a manner befitting its object.—[London (Eng.) Builder.

L'EMPIRE C'EST LE PAIX-HAN.

Homespun Humbug.

The Speaker *pro tem.* of the Virginia House of Delegates, Mr. Christian, of Augusta, appeared in the chair on Tuesday, clothed in a full suit of Virginia cloth, made in his own town, Staunton. We shall probably hear, next Summer, that Mr. Christian has abandoned the use of brandy smashes and mint juleps, on account of the Northern product, ice, which is essential to their successful manufacture. An excellent thing, we have reason to believe, for Mr. Christian, but a terrible blow to the North!

Poor Fellow!

Our Well-dressed Contributor, we regret to announce, is lying very low, and fears are entertained that he will become a raving and incomprehensible idiot. The cause of his prostration may be briefly told: Last Friday he met a man in Broadway who had on a pair of trousers of exactly the same pattern as his own.

"Going the Whole Hog."

Though the Mormons resemble the Jews of old in the number of their wives they decidedly differ from them in their fondness for Spare Ribs.

Domestic Item.

Adam should have been the happiest of men: he had no Mother-in-Law.

The Pemberton Mills.

One thousand such Mills ought never to make a dollar.

The Coldest Seat in an Omnibus.

The one nearest the Pole.

JONATHAN ON CLERKS AND CLERKIN'.

THE man that 'tends store, an' scents up, and then dickers
With women, a-sellin' his ribbons an' tape,
A-smilin' at girls, an' a-chawin' his words,
Ain't a hooter ahead of a dratted ape.

He's on hand with his lie, an' his smirk, an' his grin,
An' he teëters araöun' like a fool in a play;
And likely he helps his mean boss for to cheat,
An' sells his small soul for a dollar a day.

Sam Laöucks left aöur taöwn for to clerk it at Stewart's—
Where they peddle their things in a big marble store;
An' he made a good clerk, for he waänt quite a fool,
An' he knew how to jaw an' a plaguy sight more.

He went to his glass abaöut ten times a day,
An' he went to his barber's nigh ten times a week;
An' he got hisself up most surprisin'ly fine,
With a plenty o' choaker, and a plenty o' cheek.

Sam hed a good time for some five or six year;
He lived pooty high, an' his stomach enlarged;
But biz'ness slacked up, an' the consequence wuz,
Along with a lot, the poor cus got discharged.

Said Sam, all to once-t, "Californy's the place,
An' I'll ask my old boss for a good recommend;"
So he went to old Stewart to open his mind,
A-thinkin' how lucky he'd got sech a friend.

Said A. T., w'en he come, an' got rid of his arrand,
"Mister Laöucks, we cant deöo it, an' so we won't try:"
Then Sam, mighty mad, he drew back his right mauler
An' hit Mister Stewart a dab in the eye.

Mister Stewart he flopped, like as ef he'd be'n shot,
And abaöut forty clerks they wuz on a broad grin:
"It's a twin!" hollered Sam, "come up after its brother!"
So Stewart he riz, an' Sam daöwned him agin.

Then he left, an' walked daöwn to the Panama steamer,
A-rubbin' his knuckles—quite keerless o' tan:
You won't ketch *him* a clerkin' it aäfter this date,
For he's hefted his fist, an' he knows he's a *man*.

He'll farm it, or dig in the mines, or trade hosses,
But you won't ketch him doin' his hair up in curls;
For he's quit taking saäss from mean-spirited bosses—
He's quit sellin' truck to old women an' girls.

The Right Thing in the Right Place.

They have found an Oil-Spring at (come to think, we wont advertise the place) Crawford Co., Pa., from which one Drake, of Connecticut, is pumping oleaginous wealth at the rate of sixty gallons an hour. What we propose is, to lay a pipe (and there are lots of people who know how) from the oil-placer to Washington, so that a steady stream may be discharged on the turbulent waves of politics, and also upon the wheels of Government, so that the confounded machine be got into working order sometime this year. If it ran during the term, the oil would very properly be called Term-Oil—and would, of course, produce its effect on the Homeopathic principle of "Like cures like."

Within one of it.

THE ONLY "ISM" THAT THE TRIBUNE HAS NOT GOT. Aneurism.

[Our Medical contributor begs to add, for the benefit of the rural districts, that Aneurism is the scientific phrase for having too much heart.]

A correspondent asks if we are influenced at all by Sects. Of course, by the Vanity Fair Sex.

What the Bear said to the Chickens.

"I'm a Bruin, but you are a brood."

Handy to have in the House.

Organization.

PEMBERTON MILLS.

Through the Factory's storied rooms,
Busily hum a thousand looms;
Warp and treddle, shuttle and woof,
Thrilling and throbbing through floor and roof;
And the whirr of wheels, and the endless pant
Of engines naked, and grim, and gaunt,
Thrill with their motion the icy air,
And shake with tremors the crazy stair.

Through the Factory's various parts,
Busily beat a thousand hearts:
Father and son, and daughter and wife,
A microcosm of labor and life,
All day long, from the rise of sun,
Honestly work till the day is done;
Nimble fingers and busy hand,
Weaving and working for all the land.

Through the Factory's honey-combed walls,
A Power subtle and snake-like crawls,
Year by year, and day by day,
This unseen Mystery feels its way
Through crack and crevice, through beam and joist,
Through weak foundations, sappy and moist,
It filters through Factory's length and breadth,
Its presence is Ruin, its name is Death!

Oh! swiftly, merrily, to and fro,
The flashing shuttles they come and go,
The weaver hums some workman's tune;
The work-girl dreams of the time last June,
The holiday time of hard-earned joy,
When she walked the fields with her farmer boy;
And children are there in their rosy bloom,
But the roses are growing above a tomb!

A roar—a crash—and a sudden heave,
Of every story from base to eave!
The plaster shivers in massive flakes,
Each casement, lintel, and door-post quakes.
Then down—down—down—down—down—
With thunder that echoes through all the town,
Come floor and ceiling and murderous wall
In one vast avalanche burying all!

Swift through street, and alley, and slum,
Breathless the pallid populace come:
The city is white with an awful fear,
For Death! Death! Death is here!
And mothers and daughters have left their home,
To stand by that smoking hetacomb,
And lay the curse that never departs,
On those who have broken a thousand hearts.

A curse on ye, ye Millionaires
Who sit at home in your easy chairs,
And crack your nuts and sip your wine
While I wail over this son of mine!
A curse on ye who laid the stones
That crushed my darling husband's bones!
A curse on you who made the plan
A curse more than devil, you less than man!
You murderers!

Complete Letter-writer.

The Machines for converting tobacco into pigs, and We have heard of machines but never, until recently, of one for cobble stones into gold dust, Paris, Petersburgh, Timbuctoo, and grinding old European files into of these has, however, been sev- North Pole correspondence. One at the corner of Nassau and eral years in operation in a building destey the inventor experi- Fulton-streets. With characteristic modesty of giving the world the ments with it in his own garret, instead of smut-machine. benefit of it. In appearance, it resembles a

Pap(e) for the Emperor.

Napoleon's pamphlet is prohibited in the Papal territories. In other words, it can't go through the P. O. No no.

Testamentary Testimony.

We have found that "a woman's will" always has a codicil.

Motto for Club-loafers.

Domino dirige nos.

SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI.

BEING SOME HEROICS APROPOS OF ONE MARTIN F. TUPPER.

The age must have its plaything, to abuse
Or over-praise, a Science or a Muse.
Some people think that Bonner's famous Ass
Was Dr. Brandreth—several years ago!
Just as a child some idle hour employs
In cutting rows of paper girls and boys,
(Ethereal daughters, unsubstantial sons,
"All stuck together like a sheet of buns,")
So does the world from out of common clay
Fashion its gods, the idols of a day,
To kiss, to worship—and to throw away!

Once Martin Tupper—Phœbus! what a name!
Stood on the tip-top pinnacle of fame:
We wrote a something—*what*, good heaven knows,
It was not verse, I'm sure it was not prose;
And even Tupper did not know, though *he*
Called it "Proverbial Philosophy."
Whate'er it was, it could not have been worse,—
Gray as a pall and cheerful as a hearse!
And lo! the World, that sly, sarcastic elf,
Made Tupper famous,—just to please itself.
Lord! how it plied this dapper little man
With praise from Jones, and tears from Mary Ann!
Again Titania called Nick Bottom "dear,"
And kissed the velvet of an ass's ear!
Lord! how they fêted him through all the land
This mild poetic Bunsby from the Strand!
—Just then, the World, to fine caprices true,
Damned Mr. Tupper and his "Proverbs" too.
Down, down he fell! so very far he fell,
That where he went no man can truly tell:
Some say to China . . . . that he sunk clear through—
I pity China, on my soul I do!

Symptoms of Emigration.

Diminutive Youngster.—I say, Jimmy, how much is round hearts in Brooklyn?

Jimmy.—Why, five for a cent.

Diminutive Youngster.—Gosh! don't I wish I lived in Brooklyn.

A Cure for the Dead Lock in Congress.

Hang Glossbrenner.

The Neapolitan Problem.

How to Move the King.

A LUSUS NATURÆ.

The *Tribune* of the 12th inst. made the following extract from the *Gazette de Helzinborg*, whatever that may be:

"In digging for the foundations of a gasometor a live frog was found at the depth of 15 feet, and at about the level of the sea, in a compact bed of sand. He had no mouth, or rather, *his mouth was hermetically sealed* by the growing together of his upper and lower jaws. *Although his eyes were wide open he appeared to be blind.*"

We can't, for the life of us, imagine how this animal looked, but our artist seems to have an idea—

A VOICE FROM COW-BAY.

My Joe he's up on the Island,
And Sal—she'd better be there;
And worse than all hags, is my wife in her rags—
It's nothing but scold and swear.

The shanty is all full of rats—
My baby is used to their gnawing:
We've vermin and dirt—not a skirt nor a shirt—
But plenty of fighting and jawing.

Old hats hide too much of the light,
And they let in too much of the weather;
Cold comes through the floor, thro' the window and door,
And we shiver and freeze together.

They're hungry and sick every day,
They fret and they curse every minute;
They hate what they clutch, be it little or much,
And the very Devil is in it.

I see the good things in the markets,
And think, when I'm passing them by,
Of my child and my wife, and this hell of a life—
I wish to Heaven they'd die.

People come in fine clothes to ask questions—
They give us a tract and a dime;
They look in and look out, and they poke all about—
They are ready to faint all the time.

I wish they had some other trade—
I hate 'em, and all they bring;
Let 'em go and buy toys for their girls and their boys,
And keep up their Christmas till Spring.

What are all their thanksgivings and feasts—
What are Christmas and creeds to *me?*
They are made for Broadway, they don't come to Cow-Bay,
And to such scurvy beggars as me.

They're a-going to tear down the shanties,
And make all the neighborhood new—
Clear away all the rats, the black walls and old hats,
And the vice and the misery, too.

We go with the mould and the dirt,
With the rats, and the smoke, and the cold;
And we'd rather be there, with our want and our care,
Than be near *you* in houses of gold.

Why not settle the matter at once?
If the way you are slow to determine,
I'll give you a plan that will suit every man:—
Burn us up with the rest of the vermin.

Come on with your men and your carts,
Rake the eye-sores all off, right away!
Yes, drive us all out, and then hunt us about;
But there *must* be another Cow-Bay!

INSANITARY.

ONE day last week the able and elegant Washington letter-writer for the *Times* said—"The health of Judge Douglas was never better than at present, and his friends are in the highest spirits. The ridiculous attempts of the *Herald* to convert a fit of dyspepsia into a serious attack of gout, only show to what extremes that wretched paper is prepared to go in its efforts to injure the only man who can carry the Democratic banner to victory in the next election." Our indignation at the malignity of the *Herald's* effort to injure Judge Douglas by attempting to turn his simple dyspepsia into serious gout is equalled only by our curiosity to know how that newspaper proposed to accomplish it. This is a new feature in journalism, and a remarkable, if not a gratifying evidence of the power of the independent press. People in public life will be a little alarmed to find that the *Herald* possesses the faculty of regulating their sanitary condition, and spreading diseases among them at will. Medical men will feel called upon to investigate the matter. Meanwhile, we may look, from time to time, for despatches from Washington somewhat after this style:—"Mr. Buchanan was yesterday seized with a troublesome toothache, which, for a while, occupied the attention of our most eminent dentists; but on the arrival of the *Herald* of to-day, it was discovered that he was to be otherwise afflicted, and that he must be forthwith treated for the measles."—"Mr. Keitt, of South Carolina, was alarmingly taken, day before yesterday, with a rush of brains to his head. A consultation of physicians was held, to take into consideration those unprecedented symptoms; but their anxiety was assuaged upon finding, in the latest *Herald*, that Mr. Keitt's disorder should at once assume the aspect of a carbuncle on the nose, and nothing more."—"Mr. Seward stubbed his toe last week against the person of another distinguished Senator. Since that occasion, Mr. Seward has simply given himself up to slippers, with every prospect of a speedy restoration; but the unexpected determination of the *Herald*, that the casualty shall take the form of cancer in the stomach, has caused a general feeling of grief at the Capitol. Three prominent undertakers are already competing for the honor of constructing the coffin."

History of Mexico.

1 1-2	dozen	"Liberal" Victories	per annum.
2	"	"Ill-liberal" "	"
1 1-4	"	Sieges	"
1-2	"	Conductas Robbed	"
28,379		Broken Heads	"
40,284		Bloody Noses	"

Balance struck, and accounts squared, every 31st December, starting *de novo*, as the lawyers say, on the 1st of January.

Shooting Gallery Invitation.

Walk in and Ring the Bell.

The Hunt of the Bounding Rabbit.

1. The Sportsman sets out, all duly equipped, with his double-barreled dog on his shoulder, and his gun running along by his side.

2. Should the game be near, he must not be in a hurry to shoot.

3. If the rabbit take the back track, amuse yourself while the dog is hunting him around.

4. No need of stirring a step when you have a good dog.

5. If the rabbit is to be caught, 10 to 1 the dog will have him.

Harris on Happiness.

After the pleasant little scrimmage, last week, in the House of Representatives, Mr. Harris, of Maryland, undertook to pour some sweet oil on the troubled waters. "The very best evidence," he said, "that gentlemen could give of their own self-respect and dignified demeanor, was to organize the body and show that these excitements can be quieted as happily as they arise." All we want to know, is, where Mr. Harris gets his ideas of happiness, and whether he thinks he could pass a blissful existence in the interior wards of a lunatic asylum? Because, if not, wherefore?

Personal—very!

We clip the following startling intelligence from the *Daily Times*:—

The Duke of Malakoff has arrived in London. The Duke, who travelled *incog.*, wore on the voyage across the channel what is called a "wide-awake hat."

As a brilliant and interesting *pendent* to this, we are happy to inform our readers that when Mr. Henry J. Raymond, of the *Times*, went to Albany to deliver his comic speech at the Union Meeting last week, he wore, on the voyage up the Hudson, a pair of what are called "pantaloons?"

6. And not only have him—

7. But bring him in.—A result only obtained by much training.

NURSERY RHYMES FOR FACTORY STOCKHOLDERS.

Spin away cotton! on Factory's top,
When the bricks part the walls they shall drop,
When the beams snap the building shall fall,
Down! come the op'ratives, crush'd one and all.

Cotton Spinner on the high wall,
If Cotton Spinner chance to fall,
All the stockholders and stockholders men
Can't put Cotton Spinner up again.

Ride a high horse, to Lawrence let's cross,
To see the fell ruin, the fire waves toss,
Yells from the timbers, sharp screams and sad woes,
The stockholder's music wherever he goes.

Jack and Gill worked in a Mill,
Made of bad bricks and mortar;
The Mill came down, and all the town
Cursed Bigelow for the slaughter.

What is next to the Heart's Core of every Opera Singer? An encore.

Bassford's La[illegible] Billiard Cushion Challenges Phelan's for true angling.—*Herald*, Dec. 11.

This is a finished specimen of the allegorical advertisement, and as many taking the cue, will doubtless fish for custom with lines of similar elegance, we proffer a few hints to future advertisers; thus—

"Owen's new Drilling-Bore challenges Marshall Lefferts to a friendly trial of skill."

"Cyrus W. Field's Brown wrapping paper challenges Cora L. V. Hatch or any other rapping medium."

And so on *ad. lib.*

A Scham-yl and a Sham Blessing.

European papers inform us that "the war in the Russian Caucasus is at an end." This is fortunate, as about this time the war in the American Caucuses is beginning.

Beg Pardon, Reader.

To gentlemen about laying in their stock of Summer wine we would recommend Kossuth as the best Red Hungarian.

A Dry Question.

Whither?

8. Accidents will occur, so always be prepared to treat them.

9. In such a case as this, hold grass to dog's mouth.

Congressional "Mother Goose."

There was a new Congress,
And what do you think?
Their ballots meant nothing
But *bah! lots* of chink!

Ballots and chink
Were their chief occupation,
And still, this new Congress
Shunn'd Organizatiion!

—o—

A Hint to Office-Seekers

However uninfluential your political friend may be, it is doubly inappropriate to say to him at this catarrhal season, "You have no Influence, sir!"*

*[We are charitable enough to suppose that the writer here intended to play upon the word Influenza.—Eds. V. F.]

—o—

Two of a Trade. &c.

The Evening *Express* of the 12th Inst., calls our paper a "dismal publication." Do the astute editors see in us a rival?

—o—

Flattery indeed.

Our Gallant Contributor asks: "If the Liman practice of making the foot smaller, by amputating the little toe, obtains among the ladies of New-York, what will the dear creatures have left to put in their gaiters!"

—o—

Useless.

No matter how great a bore he is, never attempt to eject an amiable man from your apartment; he cannot be Put Out.

10. If the rabbit sees it, he will come up to nibble.

11. Now shoot, and bag your game.

CABALISTIC.

The Washington correspondent of the *Times* makes the following amazing statement:—Col. Forney is here, laboring earnestly for the adoption of Hickman as the Republican candidate. It is the very reverse of truth that Forney wishes to put a spider in Hickman's dumpling. The country will not be satisfied without the most thorough explanation of these extraordinary words. In the present complicated condition of affairs, it must naturally be supposed that they posses a deeper significance than at first appeared. Everybody knows how Mr. Pickwick was convicted of breach of marriage promise on the strength of "chop and tomato sauce.". This seems to be a case of equal import. The peace of the nation demands that the mystery shall be unveiled. We venture to declare that the phenomenon of a spider in a dumpling, especially Mr. Hickman's dumpling—if that gentleman rejoices in a dumpling—which is a point yet to be settled—is very uncertain. And if he have a dumpling, admitting such to be the fact, for the sake of argument, why Col. Forney, of all other men, should be associated with it spider-wise, is a consideration not to be calmly overlooked. In justice to themselves, and to the country, these two gentleman should come forward without delay, and define their positions. Mr. Hickman should not hold back his dumpling for a single moment, and Mr. Forney should either avow or disavow, in the most straightforward manner, the possession of any species of spider, with intent to make fellonious use thereof, as regards the aforesaid dumpling. Mr. Forney certainly must not expect his spider to remain shrouded in a web of obscurity, and Mr. Hickman may rest assured that the public will not swallow the dumpling report without some positive knowledge as to the source. Stand out, gentleman, and deliver. Give us an "Occasional" letter about it, in the *Press*, Mr. Forney, and don't let it be all talk and no spider, but hit the mark at once, and Mr. Hickman, bring your dumpling before the House—you have a legitimate example in Mr. Egg Nogg Smith—and serve it up as hot as you please, only, Son John, give us dumpling, and not diddle, diddle.

SOMETHING NEW.

WANTED—Heavy, Juvenile, and Old Man, walking gentleman, low comedian, and utility, leading lady and danseuse, for a first-clsss theatre. Apply between 2 and 5 P.M., room 64, Lovejoy's Hotel.—*Herald, Jan 12th.*

As the above searcher for Bi-Pedal curiosities had an eye rather to economy than florid description, we will briefly state for the benefit of the uninitiated the accomplishment usually requisite in like extraordinary ndividuals. We own to a weakness for Webster (unabridged) and will therefore adopt his concise mode of description.

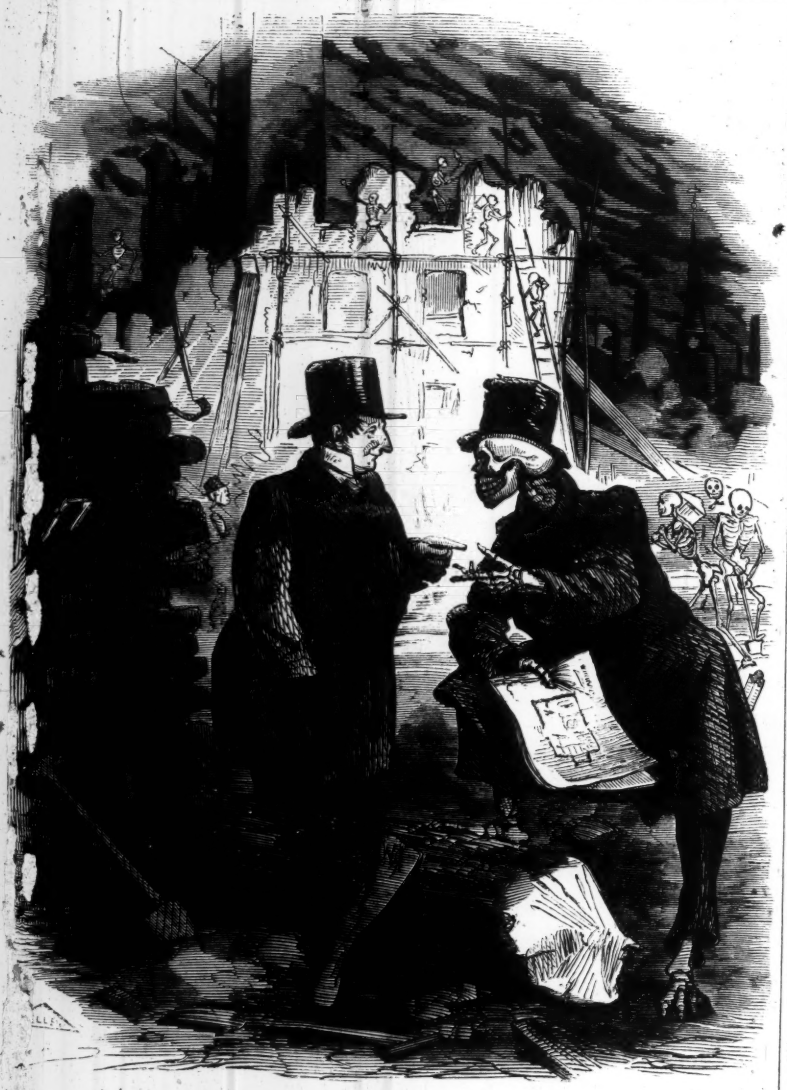
HEAVY (Genus Villian).—Generally stout with a weakness for tights, slashed doublets, unusual uniforms, and small beer. Deep bass voice, with a faculty for roling "r's" in unlimited quantities for lengthened periods. Fierce but rather varied expression of eye. Sufficient agility to ascend a small mountain, or tumble down a precipice without damage to the "properties." Able to go through a death of torture or agony with care and expedition, and an expert in that polite and considerate branch of sword exercise found upon the stage.

OLD MAN.—An indescribable nondescript, Unlike any model furnished by nature from Methusaleh down.

JUVENILE (Female, Genus "Phenomena").—Of demonstrative and affectionate disposition in character, inclined towards rebellion and dough-nuts in private. Personates infants of fearfully moral and Philosophical tendencies. Displays unlimited foresight and coolness in danger and in last act ascends to the ske-ies in a blaze of fireworks, much to her discomfort. In every day life rather pale, wearied and thin in the legs.

WALKING GENTLEMAN.—Rather seedy, able to bow, waltz and say "How de de, me Boy," or "Good Heavens! De Vernon, can-n this be!" with rapidity and expression. Fluent in Pantomime conversation with ladies at rear of stage, and sworn against onions and short hair.

UTILITY.—A waif of humanity expected to do everything and generally useless. Continually in active and Military Service, and a prominently unfortunate member of the Spartan Band who performed such astounding military exploits in the distance.



THE BUILDING OF THE PEMBERTON MILLS.

A DAY IN THE HOUSE.

[CONDENSED FROM THE DAILY PAPERS.]

WASHINGTON, January 12th, 1860.

Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, who has thus far refrained from speaking with a special view to ultimately becoming Speaker, said that Mr. Houston, of Alabama, had been indulging in pleasantries at his expense. Mr. Houston had called him a burning, withering curse and shame, and had otherwise jocularly expressed himself. He desired to know if the gentleman from Alabama had intended to stigmatize him as a personal withering curse and shame, or merely as a political one.

Mr. Houston, of Ala., replied that no one but a raving and inexpressible idiot could suppose, as the gentleman from Ohio had done, that any personal application was intended. He simply considered Mr. Sherman a treasonable and infamous character, besides being stingy, and not at all manly. That was all.

Mr. Sherman said every one ought to be satisfied with so noble a disclaimer. He had never concealed his opinions, and he would say to Mr. Houston frankly, and with the sincerest regard, whenever occasion demanded—"You're another."

Mr. Houston then observed that in a political sense, no one could deny that Mr. Sherman was flimsy and dishonorable, and also sullied in various ways to a considerable extent, to say nothing of his being foolish and incendiary from early infancy.

Mr. Sherman agreed in the main with the honorable gentleman's sentiments, but suggested that it would be a personal convenience to him to have the resolution offered by Mr. Clark of Missouri, now before the House, declaring him to be an offensive and ignoble object, withdrawn, because it interfered with his appetite, and gave him unpleasant visions at night.

Mr. Houston said that for his part he was a man of resolution, and he objected to the withdrawal.

Mr. Sherman cordially reciprocated the honorable gentleman's friendship.

Mr. Clark, of Missouri, rose and announced a physical inability to sit still in his seat, so he would stand by his resolution. Without calling in question the integrity of Mr. Sherman, he would say that gentleman was not fit, politically, to iron shirts in a third class laundry. As he himself represented a virtuous community, he could only say,—what are you going to do about it?

Mr. Harris, of Maryland, coincided with every body that had thus far taken part in the debate.

Mr. Clark, of New York, begged to call the attention of the House to a work entitled "The Impending Crisis," written by one Helper, in relation to which he would offer some feeble remarks.

Mr. Haskin, of New York, said the feebler the better.

Mr. Clark said it was none of Mr. Haskin's business, and that he would then and there fight him for the beer.

Mr. Haskin remarked that his colleague was a very good circus-rider, but that he certainly could not keep a hotel, as he was ready to testify before the Supreme Court, or the bar of any house in Washington.

Some evil-disposed person here cried "Order." This was the signal for instantaneous uproar. The cry was echoed on all sides, with the natural and usual consequences. The Clerk grew pale with envy as the shouts of the honorable gentlemen overpowered the noise of his gavel. Mr. Haskin threw his revolver upon the floor, and invited somebody's nob. Then ensued rare pegging and stopping, unexceptionable clinching, feinting and planting of one twos on pimple and in wind. The Sergeant-at-Arms, having at length detected a foul blow on the part of an inexperienced new member, interposed, and said that if the disturbance continued he should be compelled to exclude the reporters.

Mr. Keitt, of South Carolina, said if people entertained enmity towards one another, their true plan was to do as he did, and never let it be known.

Mr. Davidson, of Louisiana, dispatched a messenger for his broad-sword and double-barreled shot-gun.

Mr. Winslow, of North Carolina, suggested that the House proceed to business.

Mr. Clark, of Missouri, said Never! [Applause.]

Mr. Clemens hoped that Mr. Haskin would be held politically responsible for throwing his pistol upon the floor.

Mr. Haskin explained that he had never before used a pistol, except in an honorable way, and he trusted that this single failure to put it to the legitimate use would not be visited too harshly upon him.

Mr. Clark begged to say that he had accidently been discourteous. He wished to add, that in using the language he did to his colleague, he meant that he would fight him for the political, and not for the personal beer.

Mr. Etheredge, of Tennessee, observed that the House had passed a very pleasant day, and that such events would sometimes occur. So far as he was concerned, he would be very well pleased to have them happen oftener; but as all appeared now very quiet, and as it was growing very dull, he moved an adjournment, which was carried.

SUBSTANCE AND SHADOW.

FEMININE FISTIANA.

NEW era dawns upon womanhood. An era of truly equal rights. The avenues of employment have been too fast closed against the gentle and the fair. A new art opens wide its portals to receive them—God bless them.

It is the hitherto only Manly Art of Self-Defence.

The maids of Massachusetts have their sparring and their fencing-master. They are initiated into the mysteries of the upper-cut, and likewise the chin-chopper. They are instructed how to draw the claret delicately, how to put in big licks, how to feint, how to counter, how to get away.

Let us endeavor to realize how it will be when this refined and elevated Art becomes part of every female's education.

A rough fellow winks at Sarah Jane in the street, or salutes her with a lively discharge of saliva, beautifully brown. Does she tremble and turn pale, or swoon gracefully in the nearest manly arms? Not Sarah Jane! She quietly consigns her duck of a bonnet to her companion, rolls up her chastely embroidered sleeves, and—pitches in.

Does an impertinent old gentleman in a car refuse to get up to make room for Laura and Laura's voluminous skirts? That bewitching thing, instead of pouting her rosy lips or telling the Conductor, lays hold of the venerable brute by the grizzly beard and the coat-collar, and eliminates him, administering, at the same time, by way of a reminder of his dastardly incivility, a reverberating rap in the senescent ribs.

Our sweet little friend Becky, who wears skirts of the vastest circumference, comes sailing down the narrow pave, completely filling the scene, and hopelessly frustrating the designs of all other pedestrians. A frail and delicate man takes the wall. What does Becky do, but just "let him have it," so often and so hard, that he is fain to make his escape into the nearest store, or else into the gutter, leaving her in undisputed possession.

A more important case. Mrs. Mason of Virginia and Mrs. L. Maria Child differ on the well-worn point of John Brown. Do they immediately indite very extended letters, which get into the newspapers and distress the mind of the whole country, as well as educe a Message from Governor Wise? Quite otherwise. A lonely spot is selected. In the gray morn the gray matrons meet. The bonnet-holders are Miss Martha Haines Butt and Mrs. H. B. Stowe, and at it they go. The result of each round, with the minutest details of the snappage of stays and the flying off of hair-pins is telegraphed to the most distant sections of the country, and the thing is settled before it is time for either lady to be getting breakfast ready.

Bad for Greeley.

A certain reviewer says of Greeley's Letters from Pike's Peak (lately issued in book form), that they are entirely superfluous and useless. We have not read the book, but have seen it widely advertised, and presume that the reviewer in question founded his judgement on the fact that none but Uncalled-for Letters are Advertised.

Shakespearean.

Would a Botanist classify the Ghost in Hamlet as a species of Deadly Night Shade?

The First Settler in Europe.

Louis Napoleon.

LETTER TO KING JAMES, OF AMERICA.

From King Quenguza, of Africa.

Through the kindness of Mr. Du Chaillu, the traveller, we are enabled to present our readers with a translation of this letter, which was sent to his care, and only arrived the other day. The Anglicised version reads very well, and is possibly an improvement on the original, which certainly looks queer enough.

"Goumbee, *Bembo Countree, Africa,*
"4th of July, 1859.

"Great Monarch of the West:

"I have heard of you. Mr. Do-Shall-You, a subject of yours, has been here, and told me about you. He says you are better-looking than a Gorilla, and smarter than a Wild Ass. He informs me that you have twenty-five or thirty millions of subjects, and that I would certainly take an interest in three or four millions of them, as they very much resemble my own people. As for the white trash, he thinks I would look on them with contempt, as they are mostly slaves, but that the colored gentlemen are in very good odor. Of course you are colored.

"Could you sell me a few thousand whites at a low figure? From Mr. Do-Shall-You's account (who is a privileged white, himself) I have no doubt I could essentially better their condition in life—which I solemnly declare is my sole object in obtaining them. He informs me that by far the greater portion are the most miserable men now living. Many of them are slaves to white females—(could anything be more dreadful?)—and work from ten to fifteen hours out of the twenty-four solely for the benefit of their owners, who spend all the proceeds of their labor in ridiculous extravagance, and generally misuse them horribly besides, by never caring for them, and bestowing all their kindness on contemptible free whites, or else on dogs, cats, birds and fishes; while their thoughts run so much on dress and display, that they can scarcely ever turn their attention to the poor miserable wretches who are working their fingers to the bone for them.

"I am also told that many of these poor whites belong to Demons. I remember the names of two or three. They are Money, Place, Appearance, and Fashion. The last two are relations, and I am informed are very cruel and relentless.

"Besides, a good many of them have taken to worshipping the Colored Man, and are so devoted to him, that they can think of nothing else—even their own suffering neighbors. And what is very odd, the farther off he is, the more they seem to regard him. This absurd idea can never be encouraged here. Our gods neither eat nor drink. He informs me that these idolators are very uureasonable in their demands, and call every one, who will not go to the same length, by the name of Doughface, which, doubtless, is sufficiently terrible. Send them to me.

"There is a superior kind of Wretch, of whom you have a plenty in your dominions, called (I think) Demagogue. I want a few, under my own eye, to work in my garden, as I am told they are fond of Place. It will be hot work; but they are said to have a deal of hot work in store for them, and it is well to get acclimated.

You have one slave for whom I would give his weight in gold. Your Chief Eunuch, I mean, who provides you with shaving-paper. His name sounds like Been-It, and is said to be characteristic, as nothing can be named of which it cannot be affirmed of him that he has *not* been it. His experience will be invaluable to me, and I *want* an ugly man, to frighten away the Gorillas.

"I should be glad to see you in my dominions; and Do-Shall-You assures me your people would be very willing to let you come, and would even pay you handsomely to start at once.

"There is one curiosity which it would be kind of you to catch and convey to me: I mean, an Honest American Politician. Do-Shall-You says they are rarer than the Phœnix.

"It is awful hot here. Thermometer 150 degrees in the shade. The moment a Gorilla puts his head into the sun, he shrieks and dies. Do-Shall-You will show you a lot of 'em, killed in that way.

"It is your Anniversary to-day, and I had a word to say about Freedom; but my friend tells me you take no interest in the subject, so I won't bore you with it.

"Your friend and fellow Monarch,
"QUENGUZA,
"Lord of Gorillas and Superior Black Men."

"To King James."

P. S. Could you lend me an umbrella? Send a mosquito net with it.

Marry Come Up!

We trust that the coming nominations will not include any Old Bachelors. To be sure, a Single man might be expected always to regard the interests of the country with a Single eye, but, as Servant of the People, the President unquestionably holds a High-Menial situation.

Why Bourcicault is so Successful.

He Takes.

A New Reading.

The old proverb runs, "To the victors belong the spoils," but, in view of the incessant rows among the Democratic politicians in New-York, we should say, "To the victors belong the squabbling for the spoils."

"NAKED ART."

Considering Chatham-street from a Bowery point of view, it may be regarded as a vast bower of fig-leaves. To the eye of the casual observer, the flourishing appearance of this great Vallambrosa of garments would seem to indicate a degree of prosperity incompatible with any idea of "Impending Crisis;" notwithstanding which, certain critics—profound thinkers, who have graduated as prophets—are predicting the fall of the fig-leaf, picturing to us with sombre pencils a side-walk bestrewn with blighted broadcloths, desiccated dimities, withered waistcoats, wilted what-d'ye-call-'ems and sere and yellow raglans, all of which are about to rustle down, in the full button of their bloom, before the wind of "Naked Art."

According to these clairvoyant critics, this crisis is foreshadowed in the teachings of Page, of Powers, of Palmer, of Barbee, and of many others among our native artists, who, daring the undraped, have fallen back on the barbarous ages of a Buonarotti—the wretch who found comfort in the contemplation of a *torso*. The works of these erring guides must be removed by us, say our prophets, else must we soon enter upon a sort of inverted millennium of morals, during which the influences of undraped art will dominate over fashion, and the bowers upon which fig foliage doth now most luxuriantly spread itself will fall into decay, in consequence of the relaxed demand for artificial integuments.

We hope that the warnings of these reformers will be listened to with respect by an immaculate community—which is Latin for New-York—for the frost on the panes reminds us that ours is no climate to be trifled with, and we should be afflicted to behold an immaculate community pirouetting on the Serpentine of the Central Park with nothing but skates on. Nor do we despair of yet seeing the Chatham-street principle carried out by our artists to a greater extent than now contemplated by the champions of that Palestine of paletôts. We may yet read in some future number of the *Crayon* such notices as the following, in connection with the annual exhibition of our National Academy of Design:—

"*Roosters Proclaiming Dawn*," by Penigianino W. McGilp. Five years ago, a subject of this class would have been treated after the stark, immoral manner of the observant school of art. But the seed sown by us has prospered, and the crop of buttons has exceeded our most sanguine expectations. In this picture from the conscientious pencil of Mr. McGilp, the consummate skill of the artist is displayed in the manner in which he has rendered the plumage of his principal rooster subordinate to the texture of the small-clothes in which the lower division of the bird is encased; while too much praise cannot be awarded to the firmness and precision with which the suspenders are painted—the sentiment conveyed by them culminating in an assurance to the spectator that they are not likely to give way.

"*His first Trouserloons*," by Mannikin Muff. In this charming little bit of rustic life, Mr. Muff has fully equalled, if not excelled, his fine picture of last year, entitled, "Puss in Pegtops." The expression of innocent hilarity, beaming in the upturned heels of the foal is more than successful — it is masterly. There is another point which the connoisseur should not miss. The texture of the pantaloonettes with which the hind legs of the little creature are properly invested is so carefully elaborated, that we would undertake to name the price of the stuff per yard, and hope we are not mistaken in saying that it is warranted to wash. Painting after nature was all very well for the coarse-minded painters of other days; but this, indeed, is panting after art. Mark the humor infused into the muzzle of the maternal mare, as she pokes her neck over the boarding, and half breaks her heart with laughing at the figure cut by her offspring.

Necessary Qualifications of a Conductor on a City Railroad Car.

BY A PATRON.

I.—Dirty hands.

II.—Utter disregard of the domestic product, corn.

III.—Farsightedness; or faculty for not seeing persons who wish to ride, until the car has left them three blocks behind.

IV.—Inventive genius; or faculty for discovering what never exists in horse-cars, namely, "plenty of room."

V.—Love of ventilation; or knack of keeping the front door wide open on cold nights while joking with the driver.

VI.—Politeness mingled with authority of tone, so as to be able to say: "Now, keep lively, old lady! Don't keep us waiting here all day!"

VII.—Coolness; so that when he loses your quarter in the straw, he may know how to tell you "not to mind it—you can take it out in rides."

VIII.—Humor; or a fondness for starting the car just before you step off, thereby causing you to shoot forth into the mud like Croton from a hydrant.

IX.—Cleanliness; or a passion for cleaning his nails over silk dresses.

X.—Mystification; or a capacity for mistaking 30th for 13th-street.

XI.—An eye to the beautiful; or habit of staring ladies either out of countenance or out of the car.

XII.—Valorous turn; or fondness for "knocking down."

XIII.—Disinterestedness—when the track is obstructed. This virtue will invariably lead the Conductor to a neighboring saloon until all obstacles are removed.

Obvious Rhymes for the Wigwamites since the Secession of Fernando.

Tammany.
Naminy-
Paminy.

Phenomena indeed!

The following appeared in the advertising columns of the *Herald* of the 6th inst.:—

SHOW-MEN, ATTENTION.—For Sale, one wax baby, born with two heads enclosed in a glass case; also, one Anaconda or Boa Constrictor, 12 feet long; also, one 6 feet long, with a Monkey entwined round a stump of a tree. Apply, etc., etc.

This is a flower of rhetoric to which we can add no perfume.

RATS!

Under the roof, and down the wall,
Through the cellars, and through the hall,
Gibbering rats are masters of all.
Where the rafter
Echoes the laughter
Of the wretch in his drunken glee,
There the stoutest of rats shall be,
Watching and waiting merrily.

Down in the dark and sweating cell,
That thief and murderer know so well,
The cage of many a soul in hell.
In filth and grime,
For committing the crime
Of drinking too much of a villainous gin,
A terrible curse and a terrible sin,
Let the terrible sinner be tumbled in.

Look at the judge, with his terrible frown,
As he orders the terrible sinner down,
And listens away to his mansion up-town,
Lest his mutton be cold,
And his Burgundy old
Should not be decanted exactly right,
For whenever his honor gets stupidly tight,
'Tis respectably done, at home, and at night.

Hurry him down to the loathesome hole,
The rats are awaiting their human dole,
Awaiting the gorge of their fleshy toll.
Tumble him in,
Flesh, blood, bones and gin.
While the vigilant pair, who have dragged him along,
Are off for something both hot and strong,
For the prison is cold—and *their* beat is long.

Gods! how they chatter, and gibber and squeak
How little they care for his groan, or his shriek,
For villainous gin makes men very weak.
His hands and his feet,
When he fell in the street,
Were frozen as hard as the stones of his bed,
And perhaps—the fall may have injured his head,
And perhaps—for the gin—it was something instead.

Aye! something instead, or nothing at all,
That made the man falter, and stagger, and fall,
Nothing at all—to give strength for a call.
Perhaps had he in,
Of that villainous gin,
The least little drop, it would nerve him anew,
To battle the horrible, chattering crew,
Whose poisonous fangs are cutting him through.

Perhaps—twas his heart that gave a great bound,
Or the blood on his brain that ceased to go round,
Or perhaps—when this terrible sinner was found,
His brain was alive,
And like bees in a hive,
The atoms of thought were crowding its cells,
Humming out all the past with a million of bells,
And stinging its life with a million of hells.

Perhaps—when those eager-eyed demons in gray,
Were cutting and tearing, and gnawing away,
The heart and the brain were in desperate play,
While the limbs and the breath
Were locked, as in death,
And never a sound went out on the tongue,
And never a blow at the fiends who clung
To his quivering flesh and fed their young.

A Question of Moment.

When are we to have that new Clock at the City Hall?

A Pat of Butter.

A sweet-spoken Irishman.

Holiday Fare.

Fowl.

THE GREATEST PLAGUE IN LIFE.
AN UNSATISFACTORY HELPER IN THE HOUSE.

JEWISH PERSUASION.

MR. RAYMOND AS A COMIC SPEAKER.

THE Editor of the *Times*, and ex-Lieutenant-Governor of the State, addressed a "Union Meeting," last week, at Albany. The telegraphic report of the event tells us that—"Mr. Raymond was received forward, and was received with loud cheers, and round after round of applause. When order was restored, Mr. Raymond said that he supposed the first business in order would be to return thanks to the Legislature for the use of this fine hall. [Immense applause and loud laughter.] He deemed it proper to say, at the same time, that the most appropriate place to meet and express devotion to the Union, was outside the Legislature. [Great cheering and laughter.]" Now, notwithstanding the opposite judgment of the four thousand Albanians who listened and laughed, we are forced to acknowledge a difficulty in seeing where the laugh comes in. If this sort of thing is considered funny up along the Hudson, we should like to collect the opinions of the people on the subject generals. A prayer-meeting must be an occasion of infinite merriment among them, and a Sunday-school a standing jest. A reputation for rare and precious humor would be easily acquired in that region, by carefully avoiding the slightest approach to genuine cheerfulness or fun. This would be about the proper thing in public oratory :—"Mr. Tumpkins was introduced and enthusiastically received. Upon the restoration of quiet, the eloquent gentleman began thus: 'Fellow-citizens, I rejoice to meet you here. [Applause and manifestations of merriment.] The subject which we come together to consider is a grave one. [Loud laughter and universal delight.] It touches us all deeply, and weighs gloomily on every heart. [Convulsive screams of hilarity.] Gentlemen, it is a fine day, and this is a glorious country.' [Irrepressible conflict of cachinnation, drowning for a few minutes the speaker's voice.] When order was restored, he continued: 'I deem it proper to say that in the presence of an assemblage so distinguished for intelligence and worth—[Wild confusion of jollity, in the midst of which, several hysterical citizens were taken out in a state of suspended animation.]'" We the more readily believe that this would perfectly satisfy the comic appreciation of Albany, because, on looking at the one really funny thing that the orator did say, we find no indication of a festive spirit on the part of the audience. Mr. Raymond remarked that—"For all practical purposes the Union was already dissolved. It was true that on the map the boundaries of the United States remained as they used to be, but this alone was no union. There was no Union. There was no fraternal and confiding feeling to bind the Union together." Considering the fact that the Ex-Lieutenant-Governor was talking with the express view of keeping the Union intact, proving its strength, and fortifying its bonds of fraternity, we think this is about as droll a sentiment as could very well have been uttered. And yet his hearers received it with profound solemnity.

Mere Mental Abstractions.

Bourcicault's latest productions.

Description Extraordinary.

One of the numerous Washington correspondents, whose letters infest the daily papers, in describing Mr. Campbell, Representative from Pennsylvania, gives him, among other peculiarities, "opal-tinted eyes," and "nostrils of the muscular kind." Considering that the opal is a milky stone, semi-transparent, with a dim reddish reflection from its interior, we imagine that eyes of the same pattern must give Mr. Campbell rather a distingué look. The "muscular" nostril must also be something of a curiosity in the anatomico-physiological way. It indirectly suggests Strong Smells to us, and we cannot help associating nostrils remarkable for Muscle, with Clammy lips.

Brilliant.

"Brutus never left the Presbyterian Church under suspicious circumstances. Helper did!—*Eve. Express*, Jan. 13.

We recommend the above remarkable discovery to the N. Y. Historical Society.

A Cannibal's Motto—for Strangers.

"First come—first served!"

Perils of the Social Creature.

In your circle of acquaintance there is possibly an Esculapius. Probably a physician. Some day your soul will expand with generous and genial emotions. The sympathetic chords of your nature will quiver to be struck. Your social arms will extend imploringly towards the Doctor. Every fibre of your humanity will thrill with desire for communion with him.

Restrain these warm outgushings of natural regard. Put a large lump of the ice of expediency into the toddy of fraternal feeling fuming fragrantly within. Don't call at all. If you do, expect acknowledgement of the attention in this pleasing form, at the end of six months :—

Mr. ——— ——— *Dr.*

To ———, *M. D.*,

To Consultation, - - - - - - - - $1 00

The Opinion of the Bird.

THE POLITICAL POET TO THE EAGLE.

Whither, proud Bird, O whither soarest thou?
To the far Southern shore whose rocks are flecked with foam?
Or seekest thou the Northern mountain's brow,
On its high towering peak to make thy Eyrie home?

THE EAGLE TO THE POLITICAL POET.

I soar—a sore eye-sore to such worms as thou,
Whose talk of liberty is naught but froth and foam—
Both North and South my glorious rights allow,
But ah, in neither can I make my Ery home!

The Deuce is in the Lemon.

The South boasts of its lemon groves blooming and bearing fruit but once a year. The North has its Lemmons blooming perpetually, and shedding plentiful fruit into legal hands. We thought those Lemmons were squeezed long since, but find from the law reports, that they have taken a new ap-peal, and gone up for Lemmon-aid.

How-e Appropriate.

The Boston papers inform us that Dr. S. G. Howe intends filling up the time of his exile in Her Majesty's Canadian Possessions, by lecturing. He will speak at Kingston, C. W., on the Treatment of the Blind. We presume that Dr. Howe serves as his own "dreadful example."

Saccharine.

What evidence have we that Adam used sugar?
He raised Cain.

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